

The Tragedie of *Phillis*, complaining of the disloyall Loue of *Amyntas*. To a pleasant new Court Tune.

A Myntas on a Summers day,
to shunne Apollo's beames,
Was drining of his flockes away,
to taske some cooling stremes,
And through a Forrest as he went,
Unto a riuier side,
A boyce which from a grone was sent
Invited him to bide.

The boyce well seem'd soz so bewray
Some mal-contented minde :
For oft times did he heare it say,
Ten thousand times vnhind.
The remnant of that raging mone,
Did all escape his eare :
For every word brought forth a grone,
and every grone a teare.

And nater when he did repaire,
both face and boyce he knew :
He saw that Phillis was come there,
her plaints soz to renew :
Thus leaving her unto her plaints,
and sorrow-shaking grones :
He heard her deadly discontents,
thus all breaketh soz at once.

Amyntas, is my loue to thee
of such a light account,
That thou disdainst to looke on mee,
or loue as thou wakst wont ? (makes)
Were those the oathes that thou didst
the vowes thou didst conceine,
When I for thy contentments sake,
mine hearts delight did leave ?

How oft didst thou protest to me,
the Heavens should turne to neught :
The Sunne should first obscured be,
ere thou wouldest change thy thought :
Then Heaven, dissolve without delay :
Sunne shew thy face no more,
Amyntas loue is lost soz aye,
and woe is me therfore.

Well might I, if I had beene wise,
foresene what now I finde :
But too much loue did fill mine eyes,
Ex and made my judgement blinde :
But ah, alas ! th'effect doth prove,
thy drifts were but deceit,
For true and vndissembled loue,
will never turne to hate.

All thy behauours were (God knowes)
too smooth and too discret :
Like sugar which imponsoned growes,
suspect because its sweet :
Thine oathes & bowes did promise more
then well thou couldst performe,
Much like a clame that comes before
an unsuspected storme.

God knowes, it would not grieve me
soz to be killd for thee : (much)
But oh! too nere it doth me torch,
that thou shouldest murther me :
God knowes, I care not for the paine
can come soz losse of breath :
Dis thy vnhindesse, cruell Swaine,
that grieues me to the death.

Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,
if any fault of mine
Hath giuen thee cause thus to betray
mine hearts delight and thine ?
No alas it could not be,
my loue to thee was such,
Unlesse it that I vrged thee,
in longing thee too much.

But ah, alas, what doe I gaine,
by these my fond complaints :
My dolour double thy disdaine,
my griefe thy ioy augment :
Although it yeld no greater good,
it oft doth ease my mind :
For to reproch thy ingratitude
of him who is vnhind.

With that her hand cold, wan, and pale,
Upon her brest she layes :
And seeing that her breath did faile,
the sighes, and then the saies,
Amyntas, and with that poore maid,
She sigh'd againe full sore :
That after that she never said,
nor sigh'd nor breath'd no more.

FINIS. R. A.

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FINIS. R. A.

SP
The complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

To a pleasant new tune.



Poor Harpalus, oppressed with loue,
fate by a cristall Brooke :
Thinking his sorowes to remoue,
osttimes therein did looke :
And hearing how on pibble stones,
the murmuring river ran,
As if it had bewaile his grones,
unto it thus began.

Faire streme (quoth he) that pitties me
and heares my matchlesse mone,
If thou be going to the sea :
as I doe now suppon :
Attend my plaints past all relieve,
which dolefully I breath, (grieve
Acquant the sea-pimphs with the
which still procures my death.

Who sitting in the cliffie Rocks,
may in their songs expresse,
While as they combe their golden locks,
poore Harpalus distresse
And so perhaps some passenger,
that passeth by the way.
May stay and listn for to heare
them sing this dolefull Lay,

Poor Harpalus, a Shepheard Swaine,
more rich in youth then store :
Lou'd faire Philena haplesse man,
Philena, oh thereforze :
Who still remorzelesse hearted maid,
ooke pleasure in his paine :

And h's good will, poore soul, repaid
with vndeserv'd disdaine.

Here Shepheard lou'd a Shepheardesse,
moze faithfully than he :
Here Shepheard yet beloved lesse
of Shepheardesse could be :
How oft did he With dying looks,
to her his woes impart ?
How oft his sighs did testifie
the dolent of his heart ?

How oft from Wallies to the Hills
did he his griece rehearse ?
How oft re-echoed they his ills,
abacke againe (alas ?)
How of on Warker's of stately Pines,
of Beech, of Holly, greenes,
Did he ingraue in monesfullines,
the griece he did sustaine ?

Yet all his plaints could have no place,
to change Philena's mind :
The more his sorowes did increase,
the more she prou'd unkind :
She thought therof with wearied care,
poore Harpalus did mone,
that overcome with high despaire,
he lost both life and loue.

FINIS. D.M.

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